

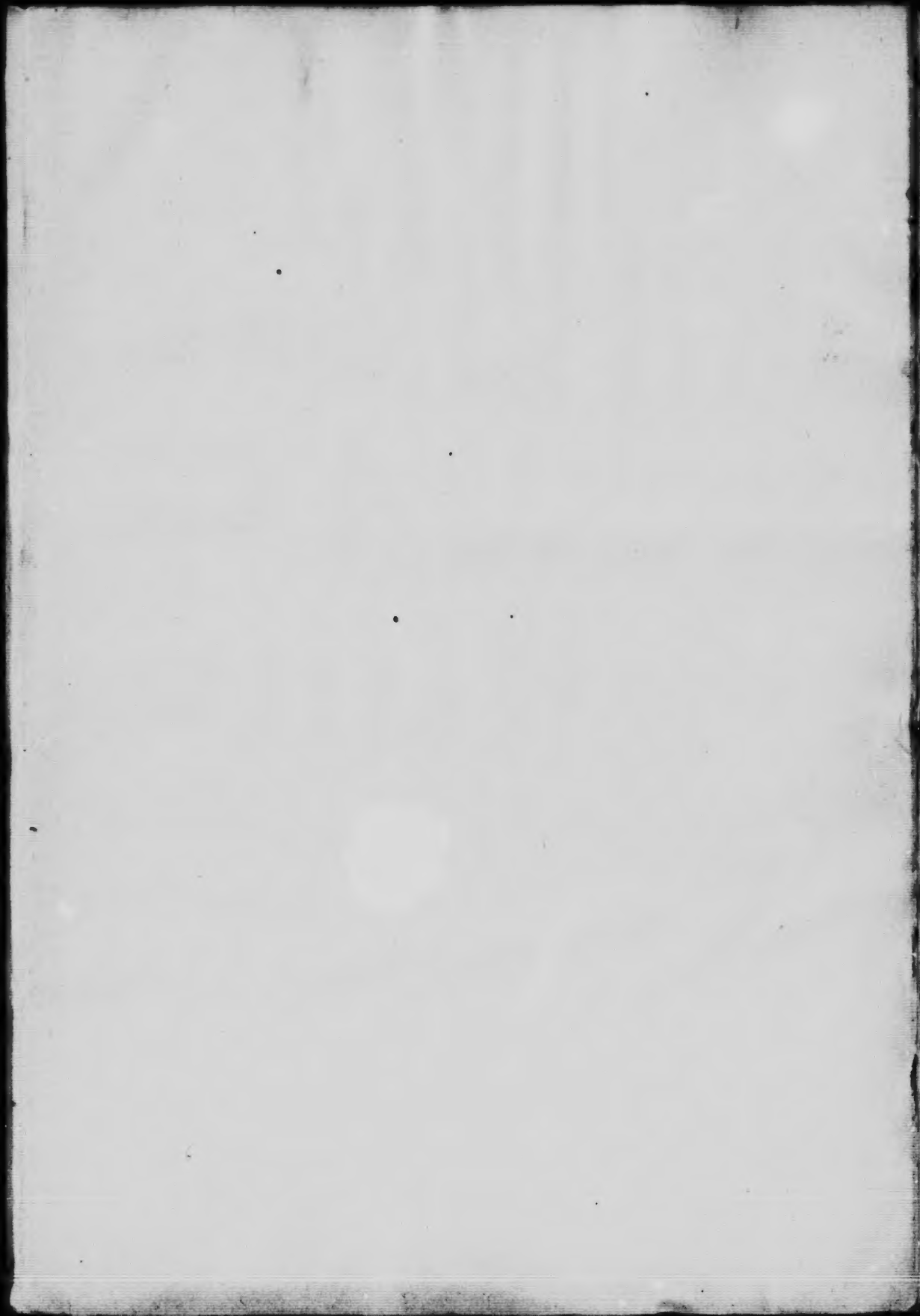
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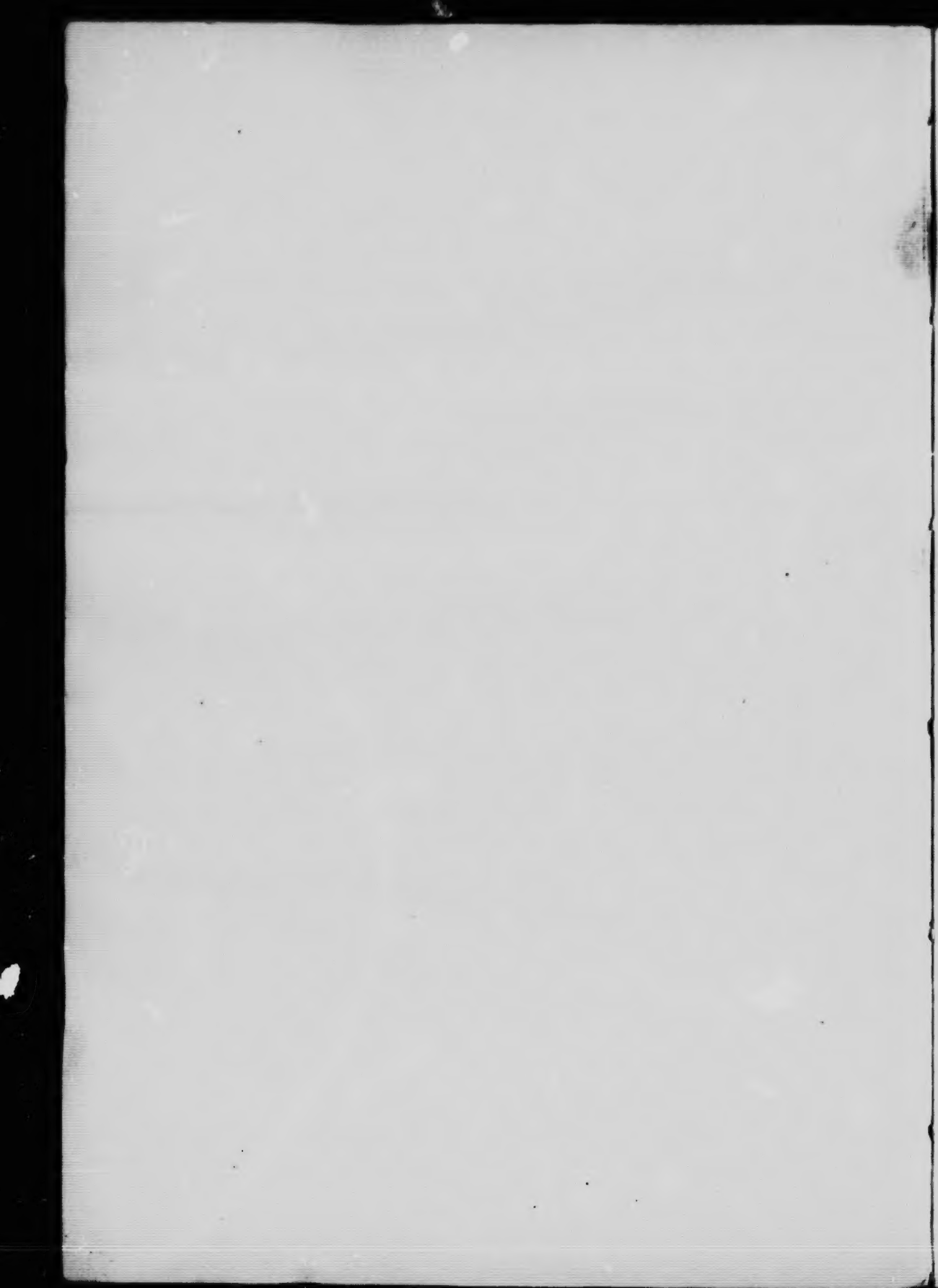


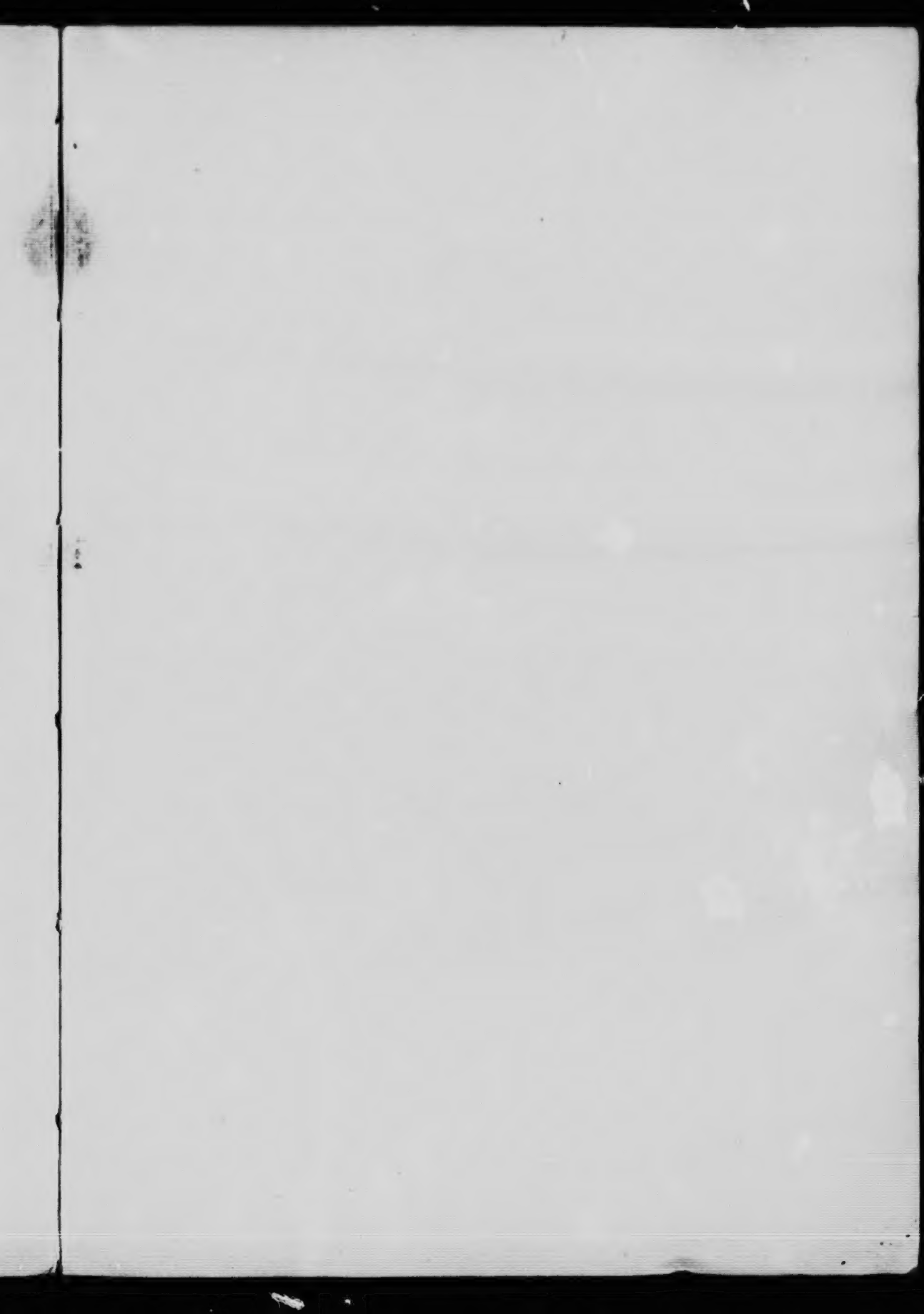
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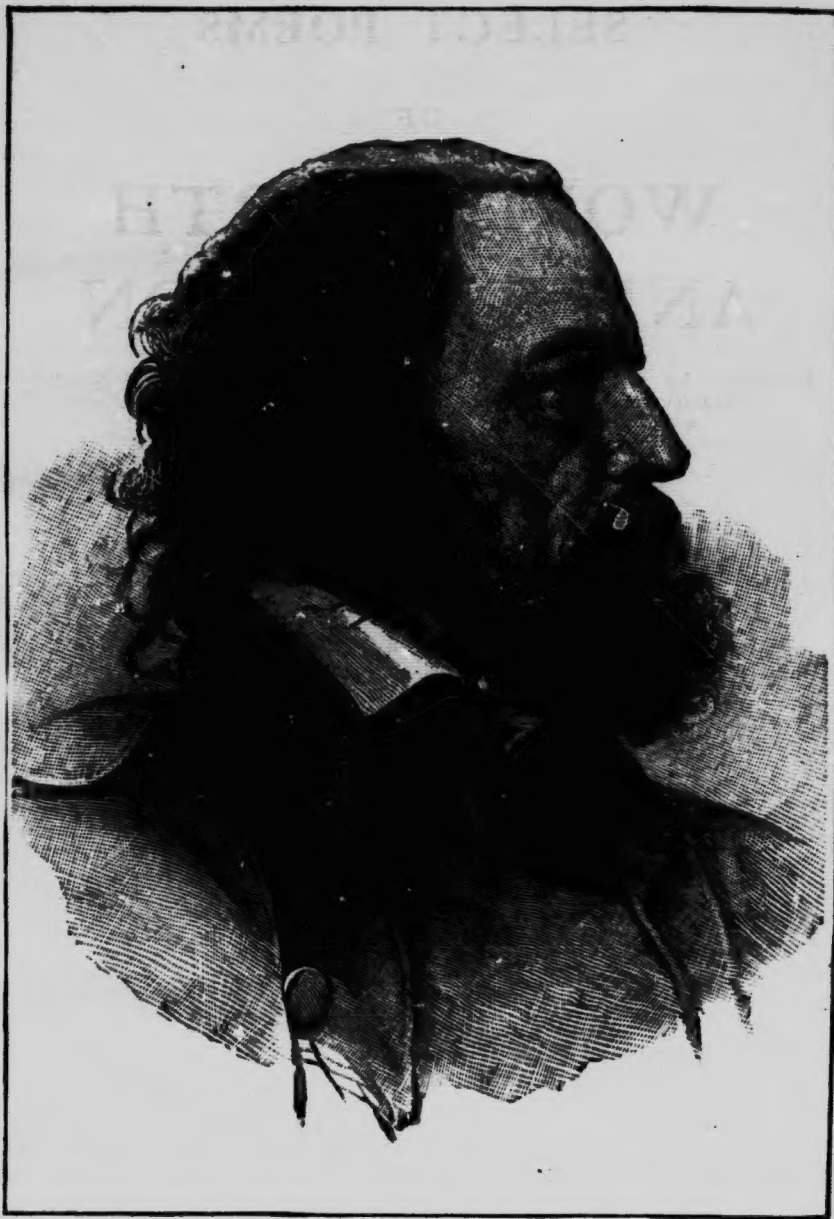
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SELECT POEMS
OF
WORDSWORTH AND
TENNYSON







TENNYSON

SELECT POEMS
OF
WORDSWORTH
AND TENNYSON

**Prescribed by the Department of Education for use in High Schools,
Collegiate Institutes and Continuation Schools, and in accordance
with University of Toronto requirements 1914-15.**

WITH ANNOTATIONS
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TORONTO
McLEOD & ALLEN

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POEMS OF TENNYSON

THE EPIC.

At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve,—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl, 5
Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the pond, 10
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bumped the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church-commissioners, 15
Now hawking at Geology and schism;
Until I woke, and found him settled down
Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,
And none abroad: there was no anchor, none, 20
To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
At college: but another which you had, 25
I mean of verse (for so we held it then),

What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank,
'he burnt

His epic of King Arthur, some twelve books'—
And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
He thought that nothing new was said, or else 30
Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:
God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask.

It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
'Why take the style of those heroic times? 35

For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Nor we those times; and why should any man
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
Mere chaff and druff, much better burnt.' 'But I,' 40
Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth
And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.
I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'

He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a horse
That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears; 45
For I remember'd Everard's college fame
When we were Freshmen: then at my request
He brought it; and the poet little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, 50
Deep-chested music, and to this result.



MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep, 5
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
That without help I cannot last till morn.
'Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known: 35
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: 55
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70

And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:

'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd

Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight: 75

For surer sign had followed, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud,

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 95

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept, 100
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maide of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 115
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 120
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
'That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all, 125
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or for the a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence: 130
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?' 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear 165
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising, bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die.' 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad. 185
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake.
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware 195

That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three 205
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips 220
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world; 235
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou, 245
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long
Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell;
At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound, 275
And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we
Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he read—
Perhaps some modern touches here and there
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work; 280
I know not: but we sitting, as I said,
The cock crew loud; as at that time of year
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn:
Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
'There now— that's nothing!' drew a little back, 285
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue;
And so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur under looming shores
Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams 290

Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
 To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
 There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
 King Arthur, like a modern gentlemen
 Of stateliest port; and all the people cried, 295
 'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'
 Then those that stood upon the hills behind
 Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair;'
 And, further inland, voices echo'd—'Come
 With all good things, and war shall be no more.' 300
 At this a hundred bells began to peal,
 That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
 The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

ÆNONE.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand 5
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus 10
 Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon

Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn 15

Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.

Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck

Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.

She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,

Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade 20

Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:

The grasshopper is silent in the grass: 25

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.

The purple flower droops: the golden bee

Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love, 30

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,

And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves 35

That house the cold crown'd snake? O mountain
brooks,

I am the daughter of a River-God.

Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all

My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed, 40

A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be

That, while I speak of it, a little while

My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 45
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine:
 Beautiful Paris evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-
 hooved, 50
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes 55
 I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
 Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster'd about his temples like a God's:
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens 60
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming as he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, 65
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

'My own C  none,
 Beautiful-brow'd C  none, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n 70
 'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt

The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 75
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due: 80
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave 85
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnight: one silvery cloud 90
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, 95
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'. 100

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,

And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom 105
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue 110
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
'Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large, 115
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all; 120
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born, 125
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss 130
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit

Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood 135
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek 140
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law, 145
 Acting the law we live by without fear;
 And because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'"

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts. 150
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair, 155
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks, 160
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom.'

“Here she ceas’d,
And Paris ponder’d, and I cried, ‘O Paris, 165
Give it to Pallas!’ but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

“O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphroditè beautiful, 170
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot 175
Shone rosy-white, and o’er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes, 180
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper’d in his ear, ‘I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.’
She spoke and laugh’d: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look’d, Paris had raised his arm. 185
And I beheld great Herè’s angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone.
And I shall be alone until I die. 190

“Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.

Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I past by, a wild and wanton pard, 195
 As like the evening star, with playful tail.
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew 200
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
 My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge 205
 High over the blue gorge, and all between
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat 210
 Low in the valley. Never, never more
 Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist
 Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
 With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
 Between the loud stream and the trembling stars. 215

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 I wish that some where in the ruin'd folds,
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
 The Abominable, that uninvited came 220
 Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
 And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
 And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
 And tell her to her face how much I hate
 Her presence, hated both of Gods and men. 225

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears? 230
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth; 235
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die. 240

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills, 245
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me, 250
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death 255
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love

With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound 260
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire."

THE BROOK.

Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late:
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent; 5
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10
 They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved, 15
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says, 20

'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his hymn,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern, 25
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges. 30

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out, 35
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles, 40
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set 45
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. 50

'But Philip chatter' nore than brook or bird:
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out, 55
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel 60
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go, 65
But I go on for ever.

'O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand; 70
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed, 75
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam 80
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
 And push'd at Philip's garden gate. 'The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, "Run" 85
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
 "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon. 90

'What was it? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
 And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed. 95
 'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
 James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said. 100
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot
 Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd 105

If James were coming. "Coming every day,"
She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vext with him and her." 110
How could I help her? "Would I — was it wrong?"
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
"O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!" 115
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.
 'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out 120
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs; 125
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech, 135
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
"That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."
And there he told a long long-winded tale

Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
 But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
 He gave them line: and five days after that 145
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
 Who then and there had offer'd something more,
 But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
 He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
 He gave them line: and how by chance at last 150
 (It might be May or April, he forgot,
 The last of April or the first of May)
 He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
 And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
 And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale, 155
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, 160
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
 Till, not to die a listener, I aro:
 And with me Philip, talking st . . . and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun, 165
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, 170
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows; 175
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses:
 I linger by my shingly bars; 180
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. 185

Yes, men may come and go; these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he, 190
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
 I scraped the lichen from it: Kate walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars, 195
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a style
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind

Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, 200
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings:
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared 205
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'
'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me; 210
What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes, 215
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago.' 220

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days 225
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

SELECTIONS FROM "IN
MEMORIAM."

"I ENVY NOT IN ANY MOODS."

(XXVII).

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes 5
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, 10
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost 15
Than never to have loved at all.



"DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT
HATH BEEN."

(LXIV.)

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely-gifted man;
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar, 5
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys, 10
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope, 15
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream, 20

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea 25
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
“Does my old friend remember me?”

"DIP DOWN UPON THE NORTHERN SHORE."

(LXXXIII.)

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons, **5**
Thy sweetest from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue, 10
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delay'st the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud
 And flood a fresher throat with song. 15

"SWEET AFTER SHOWERS AMBROSIAL AIR."

(LXXXVI.)

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly, breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below 5
Thro' all the dewy-tassell 'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath 10
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star, 15
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."



"UNWATCH'D THE GARDEN BOUGH
SHALL SWAY."

(ci.)

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair, 5
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar
The brook shall babble down the plain; 10
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break 15
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child; 20

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

"WHO LOVES NOT KNOWLEDGE?"

(CXIV.)

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire: 5
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death. 10
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place; 15
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child: 20

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O, friend who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

SELECTIONS FROM IN MEMORIAM

35

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

25

"NOW FADES THE LAST LONG STREAK
OF SNOW."

(cxv.)

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

5

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

10

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

15

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

20

To shape and use. Arise and fly 25
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

"THERE ROLLS THE DEEP WHERE
GREW THE TREE."

(CXXIII.)

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow 5
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true; 10
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.



POEMS OF WORDSWORTH

MICHAEL.

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face 5
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by, 15
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25
Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.
Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name,
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South 50
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!" 55
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,

That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years. 80
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
It was because the other was at work. 85
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,

Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale,
For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ 105
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.
Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim, the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed 115
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps 120
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night 125

The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life 130
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dummail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake; 135
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all— 145
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;

Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights, 195
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came 200
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his father's sight the boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Micheal's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost. 220
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.

Such was his first resolve; he thought again, 225
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours 230
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but 240
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; 245
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?"

At this the old man paused, 255
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind

Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
And, with his basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.
Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay

By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go: 295
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that forthwith 310
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard
 • The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
 With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330
 And thus the old man spake to him:—"My Son,
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335
 I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch
 On things thou canst not know of.—After thou
 First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
 Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed 350
 And on the mountains; else I think that thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355

Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak. 360
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke 380
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son, 385
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part; 390
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were assigned to thee:
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone 395
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes; it should be so—yea—yes—
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me 400
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men 405
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, 410
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here: a covenant
 'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate 415
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."
 The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight 420

The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy 425
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him until he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour 440
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame 445
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the sea.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart: 450
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks 455
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time 460
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went, 465
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time, 470
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at his death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. 475
The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains 480
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

—1800



INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn 5
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus 10
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Now was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 15
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 20
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun 25
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,

I heeded not the summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud. 30
 The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase 35
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle: with the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star; 50
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning 55
 still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs

Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round! 60
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

—1799

NUTTING.

—It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth 5
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps
 Tow'rd the far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
 More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, 15
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20
 A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint,
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate 25

Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones 35
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, 40
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook 45
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feeling with the past,
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and saw the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand 55
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM,
PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings; 10
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN,—if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land, 15
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou should'st have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made: 30
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore; 35
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the
Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh! 'tis a passionate work—yet wise and well, 45
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves, 50
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

59

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

—1805

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND
OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings; 10
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played, 15

In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills; 20
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door 35
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise 45
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother, quench the thought
That slights this passion or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days,
Moments to cast a look behind
And profit by those kindly rays 70
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win 75
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy!
 —1820

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass 5
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only, to the Vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

TO THE DAISY

63

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

—1804

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere!
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee 5
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest, 10
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,

And thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind 15
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing; 20
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

—1802

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE
 FLOOD."

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood 5
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish; and to evil and to good
 Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old: 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—1802

"DARK AND MORE DARK THE SHADES OF
EVENING FELL."

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON
HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell;
The wished-for point was reached, but late the hour;
And little could be gained from that rich dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing West with marvellous power 5
Salute us!—there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower
Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from. Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay 10
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

—1802

"O FRIEND! I KNOW NOT WHICH WAY
I MUST LOOK."

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:

The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry: and these we adore: 10
 Plain living and high thinking are no more
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.
 —1802

"MILTON! THOU SHOULD'ST BE LIVING
 AT THIS HOUR."

LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.
 —1802



"SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS
THE WIND."

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But thee deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find,
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind— 5
But how could I forget thee? Through what power
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore, 10
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.
—1815

"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE
PEACEFUL HOUR!"

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower, 5
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold, 10

At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
 These mighty barriers and the gulf between;
 The flood,—the stars,— a spectacle as old
 As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

—1815

"I THOUGHT OF THEE, MY PARTNER,
 AND MY GUIDE."

AFTERTHOUGHT.

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being passed away.—Vain sympathies!
 For backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide; 5
 The Form remains, the Function never dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish; be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have power 10
 To live and act and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
 dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

—1820



"SUCH AGE HOW BEAUTIFUL!"

TO LADY FITZGERALD IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favoring Nature and a saintly mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my 5
sight,

When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare,
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that 10
climb

From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.

—1827



SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZATION

**PRESCRIBED FOR EXAMINATIONS FOR ENTRANCE INTO THE
NORMAL SCHOOLS AND INTO THE FACULTIES OF EDU-
CATION, AND FOR PASS AND HONOUR MATRICU-
LATION, IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.**

**Middle School Examination, for Entrance into the Normal
Schools and Junior Matriculation Examination.**

WORDSWORTH: To the Cuckoo; "It is not to be thought of";
"O friend! I know not"; "Milton! thou shouldst"; "Hail
Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour"; "I thought of Thee,
my partner and my guide."

TENNYSON: Morte d'Arthur, ll. 246-255; *Enone*, ll. 1-15,
ll. 144-150; the lyric stanzas in *The Brook*; *In Memoriam*,
LXIV, LXXXIII, LXXXVI, CI, CXV, CXVIII.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*.

Act I, Sc. 1, ll. 79-99. "Let me play . . . their brothers
fools."

Act II, Sc. 9, ll. 36-49. "Who chooseth me . . . to be
new-varnished."

Act IV, Sc. 1, ll. 184-202. "The quality of mercy . . . deeds
of mercy."

Act V, Sc. 1, ll. 54-65. "How sweet the moonlight . . .
cannot hear it."

Act V, Sc. 1, ll. 102-108. "The crow doth sing . . . true
perfection!"

**Upper School Examination, for Entrance into the Faculties
of Education; and Honour Matriculation Examination.**

WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON, AND SHAKESPEARE's *The Mer-
chant of Venice*: As for the Middle School Examination.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OUTSIDE READING

The following is a list of suggested books for outside reading for pupils preparing for Middle and Upper School Examinations:

Fiction: AUSTEN, *Pride and Prejudice*; BLACKMORE, *Lorna Doone*; DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities*; ELIOT, *Mill on the Floss*, *Middlemarch*; KINGSLEY, *Westward, Ho!*; LYALL, *In the Golden Days*; LYTTON, *The Last of the Barons*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, *Last Days of Pompeii*; READE, *Never Too Late To Mend*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*; SCOTT, *Guy Mannering*, *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*; THACKERAY, *Henry Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*.

Poetry and the Drama: GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man*, *She Stoops to Conquer*; LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*; MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, (Books I and II); SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*; SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*; WHITTIER, *Snow Bound*.

History and Biography: GARDINER, *Friends of the Olden Time*; GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (one Vol.); IRVING, *Life of Goldsmith*; LAUT, *Pathfinders of the West*; MACAULAY, *Essays on Clive*, *Warren Hastings*, *Milton, Johnson and Goldsmith*; MCCARTHY, *History of Our Own Time*; PARKMAN, *La Salle*; PRESCOTT, *Conquest of Peru*; SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*; THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*.

Essays and Sketches (including Popular Science): ADDISON, *Sir Roger de Coverley*; ALLEN, *A Kentucky Cardinal*; BURROUGHS, *Birds and Bees*, *Sharp Eyes*; CURTIS, *Prue and I*; DE QUINCEY, *Revolt of a Tartar Tribe*; GASKELL, *Cranford*; HIGH SCHOOL PROSE BOOK, PART II (The Macmillan Co.); HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*; IRVING, *The Sketch Book*; ROBERTS, *The Watchers of the Trails*, *The Kindred of the Wild*; RUSKIN, *A Crown of Wild Olive*; STEVENSON, *Travels With a Donkey*, *The Amateur Emigrant*, *Across the Plains*, *Will o' The Mill*; THOREAU, *Walden*.

NOTES ON TENNYSON

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF TENNYSON.

1809. Alfred Tennyson, born at the rectory, Somersby, Lincolnshire, son of a Church of England clergyman.
1825. Entered Trinity College, Cambridge.
1830. Publication of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*.
1832. Publication of *Poems*.
1833. Death of Arthur Hallam.
1842. Publication of *Poems*.
1847. *The Princess*.
1850. *In Memoriam*. Marriage to Emily Selwood. Appointed Poet Laureate.
1852. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.
1853. Removal to Farringford, near Freshwater, Isle of Wight.
1855. *Maud*.
1859. *Idylls of the King*, to which additions were made in 1870, 1872 and 1885.
1864. *Enoch Arden*.
1867. Removal to Aldworth, Surrey.
1884. Admitted to the peerage, as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford.
1892. Died at Aldworth.

The poetry of Tennyson shows in a very marked degree, perfection of form and attention to minute detail. He excels in those forms of poetry which require delicacy of touch and sensitiveness to fine musical effects. He is at his best in the Lyric and the Idyll, and especially in those themes which lend themselves to the picturesque and the ornate in style and treatment.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE: *Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life*. Stopford A. Brooke, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Poetry of Tennyson. Henry Vandyke, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Alfred Lord Tennyson, A Memoir by his Son. Two volumes. Published by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario.

THE EPIC AND MORTE D'ARTHUR.

The group gathered around the fireplace at Francis Allen's, on Christmas Eve, consists of four people: Francis Allen, the host; Holmes, the parson; Everard Hall, the poet; and the young man who tells about their conversation. They are talking about the changes that have taken place in the keeping of Christmas; and the parson, Holmes, complains that not only has all the old honour gone from Christmas, but that there has been a general decay in religious faith right through the world. Some jesting follows, and the talk then turns to the poetic gift which Everard Hall had shown in his college days. He had, we are told, written an Epic, in twelve books, on the subject of King Arthur, but later on had burned it. Francis Allen, however, had picked one of the books—the story of Morte D'Arthur—from the hearth, and saved it. "Keep a thing," he adds jestingly, "its use will come; I hoard it as a sugar plum for Holmes."

When he says that the Morte D'Arthur is "a sugar plum for Holmes," he is evidently ironical. Holmes had complained that in religion there was "no anchor, none, to hold by," and Francis thinks that the story of Morte D'Arthur contains an answer to this complaint. At all events, Francis brings out the remnant of the Epic and the poet reads it aloud.

The Epic. See page 107.

2. **game, girls.** What case? (H.S. Grammar, p. 98-285.)
3. **sacred bush.** The mistletoe. Sacred because held in reverence by the Druids.
5. **wassail.** A beverage composed of wine or ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast and roasted apples. The word wassail is derived from two Anglo Saxon words, *Wes hal*, meaning "Health be to you."
11. **outer edge.** The edge of the pond where the ice might be raised and rough.
- 15-6. **church commissioners, Geology, schism.** Discussions regarding church government, regarding the conflict of science (Geology) and religion, and regarding doctrinal differences, were common in the second quarter of last century, when this poem was written.
31. **Something so said 'twas nothing.** So poorly expressed that it was worth very little.
36. **the Mastodon.** A monster of pre-historic times.
38. **remodel models.** The stories of King Arthur and the Round Table had already been told by Thomas Malory in the sixteenth century. Tennyson's Morte D'Arthur follows Malory's story very closely.

40. **chaff and draff.** Light, useless stuff. Draff is the dregs of the wine cask.
49. **some prelude of disparagement.** He began by protesting that his poem was of little value.
50. Fitzgerald in speaking of Tennyson's reading describes his voice as "very deep and deep-chested, but rather murmuring than mouthing, like the sound of a far sea or of a pine wood."

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Morte D'Arthur (the Death of Arthur) was first published in 1842. It was later (1869) embodied in *The Passing of Arthur*, the last of the *Idylls of The King*.

- 1-5. King Arthur on becoming King had established the Order of the Round Table—so called because of the famous round table, around which one hundred and fifty knights could be seated. In the course of time the Round Table had become corrupt and many of Arthur's knights had risen against him. The last great struggle took place, according to the legends, at the extreme western verge of Lyonesse,—a fabulous country extending from Cornwall to the Scilly Isles and afterwards submerged by the sea.
6. The bold Sir Bedivere. Read *The Coming of Arthur*, ll. 173-6:
Then Bedivere the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake—
For bold in heart and act and word was he
Whenever slander breathed against the King.
9. **chancel.** The part of the church containing the choir and the altar.
12. **water.** Lake; an old use of the word.
14. **The sequel of to-day.** The result of to-day's events.
unsolders. disunites, dissolves (Lat. **solidare**—to make firm.)
21. **Camelot.** The capital of King Arthur's realm. Tennyson elsewhere speaks of Camelot as in Lyonesse. Malory identifies it with the city of Winchester.
22. See note on ll. 1-5, above.
23. **Merlin.** A very wise magician of King Arthur's court.
27. **Excalibur.** The word Excalibur signifies "cut-steel."
31. **samite.** A rich silk interwoven with gold and silver threads.
mystic. Having a secret religious meaning.

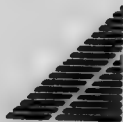
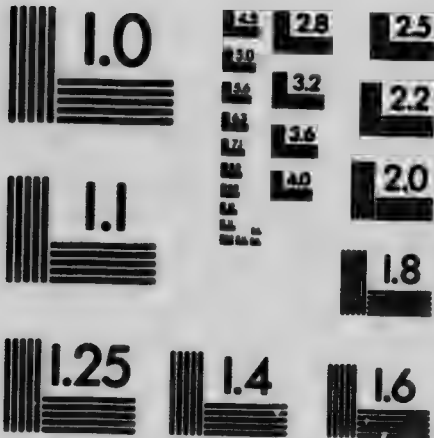
37. **him.** Why not *it*?
38. **lightly.** Quickly, nimbly.
43. **hest.** Command.
53. **drawing it.** As he drew it.
56. **haft.** Handle.
57. **topaz.** A gem, generally yellow in colour.
jacinth. Another form of the word "hyacinth." A red-coloured mineral, sometimes used as a gem.
60. **Thinking quickly now of one side of the question, now of the other.**
63. **the many-knotted water flags.** The common iris. Many-knotted may refer to the thick joints or "knots" in the stalk; but perhaps it simply means *tangled*.
73. **thy name.** How had he betrayed his name?
- 74-5. **as becom'd thy fealty.** As became thy fidelity to the king.
80. **lief.** Beloved, dear.
86. **chased.** Engraved with ornamental designs.
94. **obedience is the bound of rule.** Obedience is what binds the subject to the king.
102. **joust.** (pronounce *just*). A tilt at arms.
104. **the lonely maiden of the Lake.** A mythical being appearing in Arthurian legends, and symbolizing religion.
110. **clouded with his own conceit.** His idea (conceit) of preserving the sword as a relic prevented him from seeing his duty clearly.
- 121-3. A dying king cannot exert authority, because his eye has lost its power to control the will of his subjects.
125. **offices.** Services, duties.
128. **giddy.** Light, frivolous.
139. **A streamer of the northern morn.** A stream of light from the Aurora Borealis (*Aurora*, the Dawn; *Borealis*, Northern).
140. **the moving isles of winter.** Icebergs.
170. **As in a picture.** In a picture the eye does not move or change its expression.
171. **Remorsefully.** With pity.
177. **nightmare.** A dream at night, accompanied by a choking or pressing sensation. *Mare* comes from a verb meaning to crush.
182. **Clothed with his breath.** Enveloped in his breath which condensed in a cloud as he breathed.

186. **Dry clashed his harness.** His body-armour (harness) clashed harshly.
193. **hove.** Past tense of the verb *heave* to rise. A ship heaves in sight when it rises over the horizon.
194. **scarf.** Drapery or covering.
197. **Black-stoled.** The stole is a long loose robe reaching to the feet.
like a dream. Having an appearance of unreality.
198. **Three Queens.** Malory says that the three Queens were King Arthur's sister (Bellicent), the Queen of Wales, and the Lady of the Lake. They symbolize Faith, Hope, and Charity.
199. **shivered to the tingling stars.** So shrill that the sound reached the very stars and made them tingle.
207. **she.** King Arthur's sister: or, on the symbolic side, Charity.
209. **casque.** Helmet.
- 213-4. The waning moon, which looked pale in the light of the rising sun.
- 215-6. **greaves and cuisses.** Armour for the shins and the thighs.
dash'd with drops of onset. Spattered with drops of blood from the battle.
218. **dais-throne.** A throne upon a raised platform.
222. **lance in rest.** A rest was a projection from the side of the coat of mail, used to support the lance when not in use.
233. **The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.** See Matthew ii, 7-11.
- 241-2. When the world makes progress towards greater righteousness, God may be said to fulfil Himself. All good customs and institutions tend at length to become corrupt, so that the change from the old order of things to the new is in reality a blessing.
243. **Sir Bedivere, who will live to see the new order of things,** is the one who should be hopeful. A dying man cannot be expected to give comfort and cheer.
251. **a blind life.** A life without the power of reason.
255. **gold chains.** It was an old fancy that the Earth was suspended to Heaven by a golden chain. Here prayers are the chains that bind the world to God.
259. **The island-valley of Avilion.** In Celtic legend Avilion was a mythical "island of the blest," situated somewhere in the western ocean.
266. What are the points in the comparison?



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267. It was an old belief that the swan sang before its death.

268. *ruffles*. Opens out its feathers.

269. *swarthy webs*. Dark, webbed feet.

In *The Epic* the parson, Holmes, had complained of "the general decay of faith right through the world." In the *Morte D'Arthur* the lament of Sir Bedivere is much the same:

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

The answer which King Arthur makes to Sir Bedivere is also an answer ("a sugar-plum") for Holmes. King Arthur says in effect, "If the old order is changing, it is only to give place to a newer and better order of things." So if the older forms of religious faith are decaying, it is only because a better and broader religious spirit is taking their place. When King Arthur passes away his funeral barge is seen as "one black dot *against the verge of dawn*." So when the Round Table, which won its victories by the strength of the sword, passes out, a new day with new and better customs is ushered in.

The Epilogue which follows, shows the effect of the story on the listeners; and the dream with which the Epilogue concludes repeats the main thoughts of the poem in another form. Not only is the new order of things better than the old, but the men and women of modern times show even finer qualities than the heroes of old. "Arthur is come again" in the form of the modern gentleman, but he is "thrice as fair," and "war shall be no more." And as the dreamer wakes he realizes that even if the old customs of celebrating Christmas have passed away, Christmas is still here with all the good that it brings in its train.

278. *Some modern touches*. What are they?

285. "That's nothing." "Don't pay any attention to that. It isn't time yet to go to bed."

296. *he cannot die*. See lines 23-4.

299. *further inland*. This probably refers to the future.

CENONE.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1832.

To the marriage of Peleus, King of Thessaly, all the gods and goddesses were invited except Eris, the goddess of strife. In revenge for the slight, she came, uninvited, to the wedding-feast, and threw upon the table a golden apple bearing the inscription, "For the most fair." Immediately there arose a contention among the three goddesses, Herè, Pallas and Aphrodite, each of whom claimed the apple as her due. Zeus, to

whom the dispute was referred, was unwilling to make a decision, and chose Paris, Son of Priam, King of Troy, to be the judge.

Before the birth of Paris, Hecuba, his mother, had dreamed that he would some day cause the downfall of Troy, and in order to avoid such a calamity he was exposed to death on the summit of Mount Ida. He was, however, rescued, and reared to the life of a shepherd, and in the course of time he took as his wife a mountain nymph named C  none. As we learn from the story, he afterwards deserted C  none, in order to marry Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Greece. In the lament of C  none she tells of the visit of the goddesses, the gifts they offered to Paris, his decision, and some of its results.

The story of C  none is interesting not only on account of the myth which it contains, but because the myth has a modern application. The judgment of Paris represents the decision which every man or woman is sometimes called upon to make,—whether to live for wealth and power, for sensual pleasure, or for the strength of character that comes from a well-disciplined will.

1. **Ida.** A mountain chain in the district of Troas.
2. **Ionian hills.** Ionia was a district of Asia Minor, comprising a narrow strip along the coast.
3. **swimming.** Drifting slowly.
6. **lawns.** Open spaces in the woods.
- meadow-ledges.** Grassy slopes on the steep mountain side.
10. **topmost Gargarus.** The summit of Mount Gargarus.
11. **takes the morning.** Catches the morning light.
13. **Troas.** A district in Asia Minor, with Troy as capital.
- Ilion.** Another name for Troy.
27. **and the cicala sleeps.** Tennyson later changed this to read: "and the winds are dead." The cicala or (cicada), is loudest in the heat of noon.
36. **cold crown'd snake.** Crown refers to the crest or hood found on the heads of certain snakes.
37. **a River-God.** C  none was daughter of Cebrenus, a river in Asia Minor.
- 39-40. According to myth Apollo was banished from Olympus by Zeus and took refuge with Laomedon, King of Troy. With the aid of Poseidon (Neptune) he built the walls of Troy, which took shape to the music of his flute.
51. **Simois.** A river in Troas.
54. **solitary morning.** Shining only on the mountain peak.
- 56-7. **like a star fronting the dawn.** Shining white in the light of the morning.

60. **as the foam bow brightens, etc.** The sun shining through the fine spray from a fountain or a waterfall causes a "rainbow." When the wind blows the spray the refraction of light is increased because the drops of water are broken into smaller particles.
65. **Hesperian gold.** At the marriage of Zeus, his bride Here gave him the gift of some golden apples. These apples were entrusted for safe-keeping, to the Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus, the evening star, who lived in an enchanted land at the western limit of the world. It was one of these apples that Eris threw on the table in front of the Gods.
66. **ambrosially.** Like ambrosia, the food of the Gods.
72. **Oread.** Mountain nymph.
74. **married brows.** The meeting of the eyebrows was considered a mark of beauty by the Greeks.
78. **full-faced presence.** All the Gods were present.
81. **Iris.** The messenger of the Gods,—symbolized by the rainbow.
- 83-4. Herè (Juno) the wife of Zeus; Pallas (Minerva), the Goddess of wisdom and of war; Aphrodite (Venus), the Goddess of love.
- 94-6. Wherever their feet touched the ground the flower burst into bloom.
- amaracus.** Sweet marjoram; **asphodel**—a species of lily.
102. **peacock.** Sacred to Herè (Juno).
109. **Proffer.** The word *proffer* carries with it the suggestion that the gift may be refused.
- royal power.** As Queen of Heaven, Herè was in a position to offer wealth and power.
111. **to embellish state.** To provide the graces and luxuries which would be in keeping with his power as king.
112. **river-sunder'd champaign.** Plains divided by rivers.
113. **labour'd mine.** A mine that is worked.
- 120-1. **Power fitted to the season.** Power which is suited to the times in which you live. For example the kind of power which a king exercises in the twentieth century is different from that required in the Middle Ages.
- wisdom-bred and throned of wisdom.** Power that has resulted from the wisdom of the ruler and that is maintained by the exercise of wisdom.
123. **Alliance and allegiance.** What different relations between states are implied by these two words?

- 127-31. Notice the purely selfish ideal of happiness resulting, not from service to mankind, but from independence of their sufferings and wants.
- 135-141. Make a grammatical analysis of this sentence. What is the predicate of *Pallas*? What is the case of *limbs*? What details in this passage show the character of *Pallas*?
- 142-8. Herè had spoken of worldly power as the supreme end of life. *Pallas* declares that right conduct is the thing for which men should live.
151. Sequel of *guerdon*. A reward to follow. "If I added a reward it could not make me more beautiful."
- 160-4. A man is, let us say, tempted on certain occasions to do wrong. Though he knows that his action is wrong, he perhaps yields—and on every similar occasion he undergoes a fresh struggle as to the course he will pursue. Another man has met with the same temptation and has overcome it once and for all. He has perhaps consciously laid down for himself a fixed rule of conduct, and has disciplined himself to do what is right on all occasions, notwithstanding the consequences. Which of these two men is the more free? Manifestly the second one, since he has overcome this particular temptation and is no longer subject to it. Suppose now that this man has "circled through all experiences," and has attained the same freedom in all lines of human conduct. In struggle after struggle his will has become strong. Temptations no longer appeal to him; he can do only what is right. On all sides his conduct has become fixed, and hence he lives by pure law. And since he is free from all temptation, pure law for him commensures (is of equal measure with) perfect freedom.
- 165-8. *Cenone's* advice to *Paris* is like the voice of conscience bidding him do what is right.
- 170-1. According to myth, *Aphrodite* was born of the foam of the sea. *Paphos* was a city in *Cyprus*, where she first touched the shore after her birth. *Idalium* was a mountain-city in *Cyprus*, where *Aphrodite* was worshipped.
174. *Ambrosial*. Having the fragrance of ambrosia.
lucid. Clear, shining.
183. *Helen*, wife of *Menelaus*, King of *Greece*.
195. *pard*. The leopard.
204. To build ships for the expedition of *Paris*, to carry off *Helen*.
208. *callow*. Unfledged.
215. *trembling*. Twinkling.
220. The Abominable. *Eris*, the Goddess of Discord.

- 241-7. She has thoughts of revenge, the outcome of which she dimly sees, although as yet she has no definite plan. When Paris was wounded in the siege of Troy he be-
thought himself of *Cenone*, who alone was able to cure him. But when he went to her she refused to aid him and he died of his wound. *Cenone* afterwards repented, but it was then too late to save Paris, and in a fit of remorse she threw herself on his funeral pile and perished.
254. *their*. Paris and Helen.
259. *Cassandra*. The daughter of Priam, and sister of Paris. She was given the gift of prophecy by Apollo, with the added condition that her prophecies should never be believed.
- 260-1. The siege and burning of Troy.
264. A metaphorical way of saying that her mind is filled with resentment of her wrongs and hot desire for revenge.

THE BROOK.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1855.

Lawrence Aylmer has returned from India after an absence of twenty years. He is seated on a stile in the midst of a hedge, listening to the sound of a brook which prattles on its way and empties into the river near by. A little distance from the stile is an old bridge which crosses the brook and leads to Philip Willows' farm beyond. The sight of the brook and the stile recalls to him his parting from his brother Edmund twenty years before and brings back to mind some of the "old waifs of rhyme" which Edmund as a boy had made about "the brook he loved"; and the glimpse of Philip's farm beyond brings back old memories of Philip and his daughter "darling Katie Willows." One incident in particular he recalls, which happened the very week before he 'parted with poor Edmund' and so he tells his story; and listening again to the song of the brook, he calls to mind the changes that have taken place in the twenty years that are gone.

* * * * *

The story has this far been told by Lawrence Aylmer in recalling the scenes and events of the past. The poet now takes up the narrative and the remainder of the story is told in the third person. Lawrence Aylmer is described in a few words and the incident with which the poem concludes forms a pleasing sequel to the earlier part of the story.

2. *too late*. See line 35, and lines 187-90.
3. *strong sons of the world*. Successful men of affairs.
4. *lucky*. Happy, felicitous.

scrip and share. Bank notes or their equivalent, and shares of stock.

5. **cent for cen..** One hundred per cent. profit.

4-5. He took more pleasure out of writing poetry than out of making money.

6. **breeds.** Increases. Cf. *Merchant of Venice* I, iii.

7-8. He could make unreal things, the mere creations of imagination, appear real.

11. **flourish'd.** The root meaning of *flourish* is 'to be in flower.' It is in this sense that the word is used in the next line.

15. What is the predicate of 'brook'?

16. **branding.** Burning, scorching.

17. **Neillgherry.** The Neilgherry Hills, a famous summer resort in Southern India.

19. **primrose.** Flowering, gay like the primrose.

22. **why not?** For why not let the brook tell its own story?

THE SONG OF THE BROOK. Lawrence Aylmer, as he sits on the stile, recalls old faces and old scenes, and from time to time in the midst of his musings he hears the sound of the brook, and calls back to mind "old waifs" of his brother Edmund's rhyme. The song of the brook thus forms a musical accompaniment to the story, and fills in the pauses in the speaker's musings. Besides, there is something in common between the song and the story, for the undercurrent in both cases is the idea of change,—and permanence amid change.

23. **haunts of coot and hern.** The swamps and marshes where water-birds such as coot and hern (heron) are found.

26. **bicker.** The ordinary meaning is to quarrel; applied here to the noise of the brook running over the stones.

29. **thorps.** Little villages, hamlets.

37. **more ivy.** More than it had twenty years before.

44. **fallow.** Untilled field.

45-6. Pretty little points of land jutting out into the stream, and covered with flowers.

46. **willow-weed and mallow.** Plants common along the banks of streams.

54. **grigs.** Crickets.

58. **grayling.** A member of the salmon family.

61. **waterbreak.** ripple.

70. **lissome.** Lithsome.

80-1. Looking through the arch beneath the bridge you may see a bright spot beyond; "where brook and river meet."

This bright spot is the eye, for which the bridge is the eyebrow.

82. **Bonny Doon.** Burns' song, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."
88. **woodbine.** From "wood-bind." Hence a plant such as clematis or honeysuckle, which twines around or "binds" wood.
90. **blushing for a boon.** Blushing because she had a favour to ask.
- 91-5. She was not one of those sentimental people whose feelings are moved by reading sentimental literature or by talking of benevolent schemes, but who never allow their emotions to find an outlet in action.
- fictive tears.** Tears which are not the outcome of real feeling.
- mealy-mouth'd.** Soft-spoken, over-delicate in speech.
103. **wizard pentagram.** A five-pointed star, formed by producing the sides of a pentagon till they meet. This figure was used by magicians and was supposed to be a defence against evil spirits.
112. **petitionary grace.** The pretty picture which she made in asking the favour.
123. **wheat-suburb.** The small stacks of wheat, ranged in rows, like the cottages of an outlying village.
124. **machines.** Vehicles. Not used in the modern sense.
132. **chase.** An unenclosed hunting ground, which is private property.
134. **twinkled.** Suggests the movement of ear and tail as seen through the leaves.
154. **talking from the point.** Talking about other things as if uninterested in the bargain.
159. **coltish chronicle.** Pedigree of the colt.
174. **glance.** Shine, sparkle.
- 176-7. The sun shining through the ripples makes netted shadows on the sand.
180. **shingly.** Pebbly.
189. **Arno.** See line 35.
190. **Brunelleschi.** (Pr. Broonelléskee). An Italian architect of the fifteenth century who designed the dome of the Cathedral in Florence.
196. **converse seasons.** Tennyson afterwards changed this to "April-Autumns."
200. **tonsaured.** Bald on the crown.

204. **briony rings.** The tendrils of the briony,—a creeping and climbing plant.
228. **My brother James.** "These words imply that her father is dead, otherwise she would have mentioned him. Lawrence is thus at liberty to woo and win the mother in her younger likeness."—Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

SELECTIONS FROM IN MEMORIAM

In *Memoriam*, published in 1850, was written in memory of Tennyson's friend and companion, Arthur Hallam, who died in 1833. At the time of Hallam's death Tennyson was twenty-five years of age. In *Memoriam* is a long poem containing 133 divisions, each of which is practically complete in itself. It expresses the poet's grief at the loss of his friend, and at the same time deals with questions relating to death and immortality.

"I ENVY NOT IN ANY MOODS."

XXVII.

Read the first three stanzas. What type of life is mentioned in each as not being the object of envy? Compare these types—the captive bird, the beast, the man who lives for himself,—in respect to (a) responsibilities, and (b) enjoyment and sorrow. Now read the fourth stanza. In what respects does this ideal of life differ from that described in the first three stanzas? Why does the poet think it better?

1. **'n any moods.** No matter what mood I may be in; even when my ideals are at their lowest.
- void of noble rage.** Not capable of stronger passions.
- anet.** An English bird.
- 2-6. **that takes his license in the field of time.** Who enjoys the purely sensual pleasures of life, but has no eternity to live for.
"What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes,
Man has Forever."—*Browning*.
- 9-10. The man who has never made vows of love, even though he may think himself happy.
- plighted troth.** Made promises of love.
11. **stagnates in the weeds of sloth.** Having only himself to provide for, there is no stimulus to labour. His life is compared to the water in a sluggish weedy stream.
12. **want-begotten rest.** The rest that is due to the 'want' or lack of higher impulses which would call for effort.

"DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT HAS BEEN."

LXIV.

Read the poem through as a whole. What two pictures does it contain? Read the first four stanzas carefully and follow the career of the "divinely gifted man" through its various stages—his childhood, his rise to power, his career as a statesman and the final 'crown' of his greatness. What has his former playmate been doing during these years? (Lines 25-7). Now try to imagine the feelings of these two men as they think of their boyhood. What are the statesman's feelings? (Read stanza 5). Does he think of definite persons and places? How does the poet suggest that there is a certain vagueness in these memories? What are the ploughman's feelings?

Now read the first stanza again. You will notice that the story of statesman and peasant is used merely as a part of the poet's question concerning his friend Hallam. Work out for yourself the points that are implied in the comparison.

- 5. **invidious bar.** He was likely to be looked down upon on account of his humble birth.
- 12. To become prime minister, and hence the adviser of the crown.
- 14. **Fortune's crowning slope.** The highest point to which he can attain.
- 17. **in a pensive dream.** In a reflective mood; in a reverie.
- 22. **vocal springs.** The streams whose sound they heard.
- 25. **with pain.** With hard labour.
- lea. Meadow.

"DIP DOWN UPON THE NORTHERN SHORE."

LXXXIII.

Read the first stanza. By New-year in the second line the poet evidently means the Spring. In this stanza we learn that Spring is late in coming and that the poet longs for its return. Now read the remaining stanzas. Why does the poet wish the Spring to come? The question in the second stanza, lines 7 and 8, suggests the reason, and in the last stanza of the poem it is directly expressed.

- 1. **Dip down.** The light and warmth of Spring are spoken of as coming from above.
- northern shore.** England.
- 3. In what way is the delay in the return of Spring a wrong to nature?
- 5. He thinks that if the Spring would come the clouds would disappear.

12. **dropping-wells.** The flowers of the laburnum are yellow in colour, and since they are bell-shaped and pendulous or drooping they are spoken of as "dropping wells."

15-6. Just as in Spring the buds burst into leaf and the birds sing, so his sorrow, too, wishes to find an outlet in song.

"SWEET AFT"R SHOWERS AMBROSIAL AIR."

LXXXVI.

This section, which consists of one long sentence, falls into three parts,—the first part describing the evening wind, the second containing (in imperative form) the poet's wish, and the third expressing the results. Read the poem carefully and point out these divisions. Now make a study of each division by itself.

1. **ambrosial.** Fragrant. See *Cenone*, line 66.
- air.** Nominative of address. Make a list of the modifiers which are attached to this word.
- 2-3. **from the gorgeous gloom of evening.** From what direction is the wind blowing?
- 4-5. **breathing bare the round of space.** Clearing the sky of clouds.
5. **rapt below.** The poet is evidently looking down upon a valley. The wind is carried on its course (rapt) through the woods.
6. **dewy-tassell'd.** The leaves, hanging like tassels, are wet with dew, or from the showers.
7. **shadowing.** The surface of the water is broken, and hence darkened, by the wind.
- horn'dood.** The 'horns' are projections of the bank into the stream. Cf. *The Dying Swan*: "The wave-worn horns of the echoing bank."
10. **the full new life that feeds thy breath.** The life-giving power which the wind carries with it.
11. **throughout.** Connected with *sigh*.
- 11-2. His mind has been so depressed with thoughts of death, accompanied by doubts, that his fancy has been held in check.
- 13-6. In fancy he follows the wind in its course to the east, over seas that are glowing crimson in sunset, past shores where the air is laden with perfume, and out beyond to the "Evening Star" which is rising in the east.
16. **A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'** A poetical way of saying that the star looks peaceful.

"UNWATCH'D THE GARDEN BOUGH SHALL SWAY."

CI.

The poet is taking farewell of his old home and its surroundings—"the garden and the wild." What details of the garden does he mention? (Stanzas 1 and 2). What particular feature of "the wild" does he describe? (Stanzas 3 and 4). Read the last two stanzas and note the contrast in the changing associations mentioned in lines 17-22 and lines 23-24.

- 8. **brown.** What part of speech?
- 11. **the lesser wain.** The constellation, *Ursa Minor*.
- 14. **hern.** Heron; **crake.** A European bird.
- 15-6. When the surface of the water was broken by waves or ripples the reflection of the moon would be broken.
- 18. **blow.** Bloom or flower.
- 22. **glebe.** Sod, turf.

"WHO LOVES NOT KNOWLEDGE?"

CXIV.

In the first stanza the poet praises Knowledge and hopes that she may "mix with men and prosper." But in the stanzas following he rebukes her for a certain fault. Read stanzas 2, 3 and 4, and state what this fault is. What comparison does the poet make in the remaining stanzas?

In the middle of the nineteenth century, at the time this poem was written, Science was making rapid strides, and scientists were ready in some quarters to claim that the facts of religion would ultimately be disproved or explained away by the results of scientific investigation. In this poem Tennyson rebukes the scientist for his lack of reverence and reminds him that knowledge should go hand in hand with wisdom in the affairs of human life.

- 3-4. **fix her pillars.** Set limits to her progress,—pillars marking the boundary. See Proverbs ix, 1.
- 5-8. She has a burning desire for power. She fixes her eyes on the future and plunges rashly forward, ready to sacrifice everything to her desire to be supreme.
- 10. She cannot bear the thought that her progress may come to an end.
- 12. **some wild Pallas.** Pallas, the goddess of wisdom and of war, is said to have sprung full grown from the head of Zeus.
- 20. **wisdom.** Knowledge implies the simple apprehension of facts. Wisdom, on the other hand, implies the capacity to make proper use of knowledge.

22. **soul.** Tennyson uses the word *mind* with reference to the purely intellectual qualities, but he distinguishes the soul as being the moral and emotional part of man's nature.

"NOW FADES THE LAST LONG STREAK OF SNOW."

CXV.

What are the different signs of Spring that are mentioned in the first four stanzas? How are they grouped?

2. **burgeons.** Buds.

maze of quick. The tangled growth of the quick-set hedges,—generally hawthorn.

3. **squares.** Fields, or gardens.

dance the lights. The play of sunlight and shadow.

9. **lawn.** Open space in the woods.

lea. Meadow.

13. **seamew.** Sea gull.

- 18-20. A poetical way of saying that his regret for the loss of his friend revives in the Spring.

"CONTEMPLATE ALL THIS WORK OF TIME."

CXVIII.

In this poem Tennyson applies the idea of evolution to the spiritual growth of mankind. In the first two stanzas he affirms his belief in the spiritual nature of man. In lines 8-15 he states the doctrine of evolution. Trace the different stages in evolution as outlined here. In lines 16-25 two ways are shown in which this evolution may be worked out in man—"within himself," or "to shape and use" in service for others.

- 1-4. Notice that lines 3 and 4 are directly connected in thought with lines 1 and 2. "If you contemplate all the progress that has been made since the world began—and the world is still in its youth—you cannot think that man possessing spiritual qualities such as love and truth is a purely material being."

10. **seeming-random.** Seeming as if they were the result of chance.

11. **cyclic.** Recurring regularly.

- 14-5. Evolution not only of the human race as a whole from age to age, but of each individual.

- 16-7. If it be true that evolution takes place in the individual as it has taken place in Nature.

18. Tennyson changed *and* to *or* in a later edition.

attributes of woe. Qualities arising from human suffering.

- 21-5. Note the development of the metaphor.

26. **Faun.** A mythical creature, half goat, half man.
reeling. Drunken.

28. Let the purely animal qualities die.

"THERE ROLLS THE DEEP WHERE GREW THE TREE."

CXXIII.

In this poem the changes in the material world are contrasted with the permanence of the spiritual.

9. **dwell.** This word suggests permanence.

11-2. Though the material object changes or disappears, our memory of it remains with us.



NOTES ON WORDSWORTH

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.

- 1770. William Wordsworth, born in Cockermouth, Cumberland; son of an attorney.
- 1778. Death of his mother. Sent to school at Hawkshead, a village in the Lake District.
- 1787. Entered the University of Cambridge.
- 1791. Spent some months in France during the Revolutionary period.
- 1797. Settled, with his sister Dorothy, at Alfoxden, Somersetshire, three miles from Nether Stowey, where Coleridge was then living.
- 1798. Lyrical Ballads.
- 1799. Settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere, in the Lake District.
- 1802. Marriage to Mary Hutchinson.
- 1813. Removal to Rydal Mount, near Grasmere.
- 1843. Appointed Poet Laureate.
- 1850. Death and burial at Grasmere.

Wordsworth's purpose in writing poetry was to present in simple emotional form some of the essential truths regarding human life. In order to do so he took the subjects of his poems from Nature and from humble life and attempted to express his thoughts and feelings regarding them in simple and natural form. We find, as a result, that his poems are bare of ornamentation and that they depend for their effectiveness upon their clear and forcible style and upon the emotional character of the great truths which they express.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE: *Wordsworth*, by F. W. H. Myers, in the *English Men of Letters* series, published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man, by E. H. Sneath, published by Ginn and Co., Boston.

MICHAEL

Read lines 1-39. You will notice that this section is introductory. Lines 1-13 describe the valley; lines 14-26 tell of the sheep fold to which "a story appertains"; in the remainder of the section the poet speaks of the effect of the story upon himself.

Lines 40-77 give us something of the character of Michael. What is the chief feature of his character? (See lines 74-77.)

In the following sections (lines 78-206), a second strong passion enters into Michael's life. In what lines is Michael's love for Luke most strongly expressed? Suggest a reason for the detail with which Luke's childhood is described. Lines 207-321 show how Michael's love for his fields and for his son are both put to the test.

Lines 322-430. Why is the story of the laying of the corner-stone of the sheepfold told in such detail? Would the poem be less effective if this conversation were omitted altogether?

Lines 431-447. Only sixteen lines are devoted to the career of Luke. Why does the poet not go into greater detail?

Lines 448-482. Read these lines carefully. In what lines is the effect of Luke's disgrace, upon Michael, most strongly suggested? What was the chief source of strength which enabled him to bear up under the heavy news? What other strong passion did Michael have besides his love for Luke, and how was it affected by the downfall of Luke? Does the story of *Michael* tend to depress the reader? Why not?

Wordsworth believed that the poet should be a teacher and that the aim of poetry should be to teach men, indirectly, the true laws of living. This is one reason why he chose his subjects from Nature or from humble life, for in the treatment of a flower such as the daisy or of shepherd life as in the case of *Michael* he was able to present the vital truths of life in their simplest form. Wordsworth believed also that the thoughts of the poet should be expressed in emotional form, and that the language of poetry should be the natural expression of the human mind in its emotional moments.

The story of *Michael* serves as a good example of Wordsworth's manner of treatment. In choosing this subject, as he himself says, he "attempted to give a picture of a man of strong mind and lively sensibility, agitated by two of the most powerful affections of the human heart,—parental affection and the love of property, *landed* property, including the feelings of inheritance, home, and personal and family independence," and in the concluding part of the poem he shows his faith in the strengthening and sustaining power of love as an important underlying factor in human life. The story contains none of the devices which are commonly employed to add interest to the plot. It depends for its interest upon the simple and direct narration of events in humble life which make a strong emotional appeal to the reader.

The scene of the story is in the neighborhood of the village of Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where Wordsworth lived for eight years.

1. *Ghyll*. A short, steep, narrow valley with a stream running through it.

- 29-30. **by the gentle agency of natural objects.** It was because the story dealt with Nature, that he was at first interested in it.
45. **intense and frugal.** He felt strongly, but did not dissipate his energies.
51. **subterraneous music.** The hollow sound which the wind sometimes makes before a storm, as if blowing in underground passages.
- 62-4. A double negative is sometimes stronger than a direct affirmative. He means to say that the valleys, streams, and rocks were very dear to the shepherd's thoughts.
- indifferent.** Of no interest or concern.
- 72-3. Every sheep he rescued meant so much gain to him.
76. **blind love.** He loved them without consciously knowing why.
88. **telling.** Counting,
100. **pottage.** Porridge.
106. **card.** To comb out, a term used in connection with spinning.
- 112-3. The chimney above the fireplace projected out into the room, just as the eyebrow projects over the eye.
126. **peculiar.** Special, belonging to her as distinct from the others.
134. **Easdale.** A district near Grasmere.
- Dunmail Raise.** A pass between Grasmere and Keswick.
- 142-50. The child was dear to Michael, not so much on account of the instinctive love of parent for child, but because the child gave him a new interest in life,—something to live for.
145. **blindly.** See note on line 76.
- 154-7. Not only for the pleasure it gave him, but because it was an obligation which he forced himself to undertake.
172. **exercise his heart.** Show his anxiety.
187. He was given the duty of looking after the sheep, before he was old enough.
- 194-8. Note that these five lines are adverbial to lines 199-201. As soon as Luke became a companion to his father, the hills and fields became dearer to Michael.
- 200-2. **emanations** suggests the finest and most delicate feelings. Michael lived over again the feelings of Luke, and the sun seemed brighter and the wind more musical because of Luke's enjoyment of these things.
226. **his heart failed him.** Note in this and the following lines the strength of Michael's love for his fields.

258. "The story alluded to here is well-known in the country. The chapel is called Ings Chapel, and is on the right hand of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside."
—(Wordsworth.)
324. "A sheepfold in these mountains is an unroofed building of stone walls with different divisions. It is generally placed by the side of a brook for convenience in washing the sheep."—(Wordsworth.)
388. *may*. The suggestion is that Luke breaks down at this point. See also line 398.
414. *covenant*. A solemn agreement, a compact.
- 465-6. It is what these lines suggest rather than what they directly express, that is important.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

In the first fourteen lines of this poem the poet speaks of his intercourse with Nature and its influence upon his character. The first four lines consist of the poet's invocation to the spirit or soul of the universe. In these lines the poet states or suggests three attributes of this spirit. It is all-wise; it is a thinking being, and it is the source of life and movement. In lines 5-10 he speaks of the influence of Nature upon him in early life. His most elementary feelings, he tells us, were bound up not with men's works in towns and cities, but with the noble and enduring forms of Nature. In lines 11-14 he shows that the result upon his character has been two-fold. His feelings and thoughts have been purified, and he has been led to see that both pain and fear are good things, and that there are elements of grandeur in human life.

Before studying these lines closely, read the remainder of the poem. You will notice that the poet tells us first (lines 15-24) in a general way, some of the conditions of this intercourse, and that in line 25 he introduces a particular illustration,—his experience when skating,—which constitutes the main part of the poem.

1. He addresses the universal spirit as the source of wisdom.
2. God is a thinking being, existing throughout eternity.
- 3-4. *forms and images*. All material things.
a breath and everlasting motion. Life and movement.
5. *thus*. This poem is a part of a longer poem called *The Prelude*. *Thus* refers to what has preceded.
7. *The passions, etc.* Our elementary feelings.
9. *with*. Relates to *intertwine*, line 6.
- 10-1. Making the simplest feelings and thoughts pure.

12. Making us see that pain and fear are good (literally, holy) things.

by such discipline. By the influence of Nature, of which he has spoken.

14. the beatings of the heart. The human feelings.

35. Confederate. Joined together. Modifies *we*.

43-4. an alien sound of melancholy. The faint echoes.

49. Glanced. Darted.

50. In order to try, in skating, to cut across the reflection of a star.

56. line. Nominative absolute. The rapid line of motion still spinning by me.

59-60. As if I could see the earth turning on her daily course.

NUTTING.

The account of the nutting expedition contained in the first 48 lines of this poem is simple and contains little beyond the experiences of an ordinary boy who goes nutting. But into the last eight lines a new element enters, in the suggestion that "there is a spirit in the woods," and in the boy's feeling that in dragging down the branches and boughs and mutilating the bower, he had done a wrong to this spiritual presence. This idea that there is a spiritual life which pervades all things, runs through much of Wordsworth's poetry.

11. **my frugal Dame.** In 1778, after his mother's death, Wordsworth, then a boy of eight years of age, was sent, with his brother, to school in Hawkshead, a village in the lake district. The dame in this case was the woman with whom the boys lodged.

22. In moments of great joy we sometimes hold the bodily movements in check, as if afraid to breathe lest the object of our joy should vanish.

23. **with wise restraint.** Because by his restraint he was able to enjoy the sight of "the banquet" all the longer.

24. **Voluptuous.** Enjoying the pleasure of looking on the scene; literally, delighting in sensual pleasure.

27. The sudden happiness for the time occupies his whole mind and he cannot act.

33. **water-breaks.** Ripples.

39-40. **pleasure loves to pay tribute to ease.** Because he is at ease he can afford to enjoy the pleasure. Ease is, as it were, the master.

secure. Free from care. Distinguish *sure* and *secure*.

41. This line is explained by the line following. His feelings of kindness are lavished on things that are of no importance, such as sticks and stones.
54. **dearest Maiden.** Wordsworth's sister.
56. **a spirit in the woods.** Wordsworth believed that all things in Nature were interfused, to a greater or less degree, with spiritual life.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

As Wordsworth looks at the picture of Peel Castle in a storm, he contrasts the scene represented in the picture with his own memory of the castle and its surroundings, in sunshine, as he had seen it more than ten years before. Which of these two pictures, the real picture representing the castle in a storm, or the picture of peace and sunshine which his memory calls up, represents what is highest and best in human life? In his younger days he would have chosen to paint a picture of the castle in sunshine, as being the truest representation of life. But since then, with the death of his brother (1805), a great affliction has come into his life and he now finds that Beaumont's picture of the castle in storm represents his ideal of what is best in life.

Elegiac. An elegy is a poem or song of mourning for the dead. This poem is, indirectly, an elegy on the death of the poet's brother, John Wordsworth, who was drowned in a shipwreck in 1805.

Peele Castle. On the coast of Lancashire.

Sir George Beaumont. A painter who was a close friend of Wordsworth.

2. In the summer of 1894 Wordsworth spent part of his vacation at Rampside, near Peele Castle.
9. **no sleep.** From which there might be a stormy awakening.
10. It did not seem to be a picture that would change. Summer, for example, generally brings the mood of sunshine and calm; winter takes it away.
- 14-24. The painter does not depict the scene as he actually sees it, but he omits certain details and adds others in order to make the picture more beautiful.
15. See the preceding note, and also lines 23-4. The picture is not a representation of the actual scene, but is heightened by the painter's imagination.
16. **The consecration and the poet's dream.** The ideal of beauty to which the painter devotes himself, and which he strives to realize in his painting.
21. **a treasure-house.** As if the peacefulness of the scene could be stored away.

24. **had.** Past subjunctive.
26. **Elysian.** Heavenly. In Greek mythology Elysium was the abode of the blest, after death.
28. **silent Nature's breathing life.** The representation of the trees, grass and flowers suggests the motion involved in growth.
29. **fond illusion.** He means to say that he was foolishly deceived.
- 31-2. **the soul of truth.** He would have thought that such a picture was a true representation of the castle,—that it was always peaceful.
34. **a new control.** The control of his new sympathy with human suffering.
35. **a power.** The power to live apart from his fellowmen in selfish happiness.
36. **a deep distress.** The death of his brother.
humanized. Brought it into sympathy with others.
40. He assures Beaumont, whom he is addressing, that he is speaking calmly, not under the influence of any excitement.
48. **pageantry.** Spectacle. The ending "ry" denotes a collective.
51. **the unfeeling armour of old times.** The stones of which it is built.
58. **what is to be borne.** Suffering.
60. **not without hope.** Because grief and suffering help to develop our best qualities.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

It was formerly the custom in England for the village choir to go from house to house on Christmas Eve, singing carols or anthems suited to the season. In this poem, Wordsworth, addressing his brother, tells of the visit of these "waits," as they were called, to his home, and laments the fact that customs such as this, which were expressive of good will, are falling into disuse in England.

4. **laurels.** The laurel is an evergreen shrub.
19. **Brother.** Christopher Wordsworth, who was rector of Lambeth, in the city of London.
- 22-4. Note the metaphor. The man who works for the public good does not always get full returns for his labour and those whom he serves are often ungrateful.
27. **other faces.** The poet's children.
29. **these rustic Powers.** The "waits."

33. **sumptuous.** Costly, splendid.
- 41-2. **The innocent child, satisfied with himself, and listening in suspense to hear his own name called by the singers.**
- 43-4. **The mutual nod, etc.** The children are too attentive to the singing to speak, except by signs. They appear grave, but their gravity is only a disguise for their gladness.
- 49-54. **"I love my native country, not only for its green fields surrounded by bright streams, but also for its ancient customs."**
50. **ambient.** Surrounding, encompassing.
51. **Cytherea's zone.** Cytherea is another name for Venus, who, according to myth, was born of the foam of the sea, near the island of Cythera (modern Cerigo). On the zone or girdle of Venus were represented all things that tend to excite love.
52. **the Thunderer.** Jupiter.
55. **Manners.** Modes of life, customs. Wordsworth believes that where these old customs still survive, there will exist among the people a spirit of good will, which will ensure a proper regard for good laws.
57. **These customs are remnants of the old spirit of good will.** This love or good will is too modest to show itself in the noise and glare of the city, but has withdrawn itself into these narrow secluded mountain districts.
59. **Usages of pristine mould.** Customs such as existed in early times.
62. **this passion.** This love for these old customs.
65. **Lambeth.** A district of London, the seat of the Archbishop's palace.
70. **Note the metaphor, the rays of kindly feeling stealing through the clouds of worldly cares.**
74. **satiated ear.** Tired of the sound.
77. **The serious responsibilities of life are sometimes too great a burden, (overwhelm); and on the other hand pleasures of a certain kind cease to satisfy us. We become tired of them just as the appetite at length becomes cloyed with sweet things.**

TO THE CUCKOO.

Read the first two stanzas of the poem. What do these stanzas tell you of the cuckoo itself (lines 3-4 and 6-8)? What is the effect of the song on the feelings of the poet (line 2)? Stanzas 3 and 4 tell why the poet rejoices to hear the bird,—

because it brings back the memory of his boyhood days. What effect did the song of the cuckoo have upon him as a boy? Although he heard the song he could not see the bird, and so the cry of the cuckoo filled him with a sense of mystery, a feeling that there was something immaterial and "unsubstantial" in his surroundings.

The cuckoo. The European cuckoo differs very greatly from the American variety. It is one of the earliest birds to return in spring, and its clear, striking song at once attracts attention.

8. Referring to the ventriloqual character of the cuckoo's song.

9. What does "only" modify?

12. **visionary hours.** The hours of boyhood with its dreams and visions.

14. **Even yet.** Now that I am no longer a boy. Wordsworth was thirty-two years of age when he wrote this poem.

15. **invisible.** The cuckoo, like the American cowbird, is a bird-parasite and lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. As a result it is attacked by other birds whenever seen and is forced to keep itself in concealment.

20. **In bush and tree and sky.** Is there any reason for putting these three things in this order?

29-32. The cuckoo was invisible, and it seemed fitting that it should live in an immaterial, unsubstantial world. Men and women of mature age are less likely than the boy or girl, to feel that there is anything unreal or unsubstantial in their surroundings, because they have come to understand the material world more definitely.

31. **faery.** Enchanted. We frequently use the word "faery" to suggest those qualities of beauty and enchantment with which the imagination clothes an object, while the word "fairy" suggests the qualities belonging to the fairies.

TO THE DAISY.

Read the first four lines. In these lines the poet states two things about the daisy,—that it is found everywhere, and that it endures both storm and sunshine. These two things suggest a parallel and a lesson for human life, or, to use the poet's words, "some concord with humanity." In the second and third stanzas these two points of 'concord' are developed so as to show the lessons which man may learn from the daisy.

2. The daisy is not afraid to go everywhere, because Nature cares for it.

6. **concord.** Agreement.

- 9-16. The daisy suffers from the storms, just as man does from misfortunes. When the storm comes the daisy closes its petals and bends its head until the storm is past; but man gives way to despair, neither remembering his happiness in the past nor stopping to consider that he will be happy again in the future.
18. The suggestion is that man often neglects his duty either because his pride holds him back or because he is uncertain what he ought to do.
21. **yielding to the occasion's call.** Going where necessity requires.
23. **Thy function apostolical.** An apostle is, literally, one who is sent forth. The daisy is sent forth to perform the service of a teacher to mankind.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF."

This Sonnet was written in 1802, at a time when Napoleon threatened to invade England.

- 1-8. Note the points of comparison implied in the metaphor.
- 2-3. Beginning in the remote obscure past, British freedom has been gradually enlarging until at length the time will come when the whole world will see and admire our free institutions.
4. A quotation from an Elizabethan poet named Daniel.
5. Just as a stream in a time of storm may overflow its banks, so the desire for freedom has sometimes carried people to extremes and excesses which are detrimental to true progress.
- salutary.** Beneficial, healthful.
7. **bogs and sands.** The conquest of Britain by Napoleon would be the ignominious ending to the course of British freedom.
- 9-10. We are sprung from a race of invincible warriors.
14. **titles manifold.** Many titles to greatness.

**"DARK AND MORE DARK THE SHADES OF
EVENING FELL."**

"Composed October 4th, 1802, after a journey over the Heaton Hills, on a day memorable to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by those hills is most magnificent."—Wordsworth's note.

8. **substantially expressed, etc.** Looking so solid and substantial that it seemed as if they were real and might contain a bell or clock.

"O, FRIEND, I KNOW NOT."

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

"This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the Revolution had produced in France."—Wordsworth's note.

1. **Friend.** The sonnet was addressed to Coleridge.
4. **mean handiwork of craftsman, cook or groom.** We take pleasure only out of external show, our fine houses, dress, ornaments, etc., our banquets, and our fine equipage.
- 5-6. We are unhappy unless we can make a display before the world.
- 9-10. We worship wealth, getting it unjustly, greedily seeking gain, and spending it lavishly.
rapine. Plunder.
12. **cause.** Aims or ideals of living.
13. **our fearful innocence.** Innocence, which fears lest it should do wrong.
14. When people are religious in the true sense, they will respect the rights of others in the family and the community.

"MILTON, THOU SHOULD'ST BE LIVING AT
THIS HOUR."

Milton. John Milton (1608-74), the author of *Paradise Lost*, whose life was devoted to the cause of freedom, social, political and religious.

- 2-3. **a fen of stagnant waters.** We are no longer moved by high ideals and noble purposes.
- 3-6. Our forefathers won and handed down to us the privilege of finding our happiness in the things of the mind rather than in outward show; but among all classes of people, the clergy, the soldier, the scholar, in the humble home and in the castle of the noble, this privilege has alike been forfeited.
4. **the heroic wealth of hall and bower.** The nobility of England who have shown such a wealth of heroic deeds in the past. The hall was the common room of the castle; the bower was the ladies' apartments.
8. **manners.** Modes of conduct, customs.

10. cf. Tennyson's sonnet on Milton:

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,—
 Milton, a name to resound for ages.

12. So. Being possessed of these qualities.

14. This line probably refers to the fact that Milton was engaged for a number of years in teaching private pupils.

"SURPRISED BY JOY, IMPATIENT AS THE WIND."

"This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catharine long after her death."—Wordsworth's note.

1-2. Carried away by a sudden feeling of joy and eager to share it with her.

impatient as the wind. His eagerness is like the wind, which will not wait.

9. That thought's return. The thought of my loss.

12. my heart's best treasure. His daughter.

"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR."

2-4. Not wholly blotting things from sight, so that we cannot discern them, but only removing those distinguishing marks which are seen during the day, but which readily undergo change.

11. brought forth. Modifies Vision.

12. The mountains with the valley (gulf) between.

"I THOUGHT OF THEE, MY PARTNER AND MY GUIDE."

In 1820 Wordsworth published a series of sonnets concerning the River Duddon, in which he followed the course of the river from its source to its mouth. This sonnet, which Wordsworth entitled *After Thought*, is the last of the series.

The River Duddon forms the boundary between Lancashire and Cumberland for a great part of its course, and finally empties into the Irish sea.

8-11. Although man can control and defy the elements, nevertheless they remain, while he passes away; but man's works live after him.

13. faith's transcendent dower. Faith is a gift to man (dower) which surpasses (transcends) all other human qualities as a source of comfort and happiness.

"SUCH AGE, HOW BEAUTIFUL."

TO LADY FITZGERALD, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

"Lady Fitzgerald as described to me by Lady Beaumont."
—Wordsworth's note.

10-1. The sight of the snowdrop makes our thoughts pass from
the desolation of Winter to the light and warmth of
Spring.

prime. The Spring, the beginning of the year.

9-14. Bring out the points in these two comparisons.



POETIC FORM

Metre and Rhythm. The word *metre* literally means 'a measure,' and when used of language it is applied to the measurement of sound. The basis of measurement in language is the syllable. In classical languages in measuring the syllables in a line of poetry, we consider the length of the vowel sounds, that is, the time required to pronounce them; or, to use the technical term, we measure the *quantity* of the vowel sounds. In English poetry, however, we measure syllables chiefly by the amount of force with which our vowel sounds are pronounced; or, in other words, by *stress* or accent. Quantity is often an important element in English verse, but stress, or accent, is the basis of measurement. Even if it were possible to express ourselves by using a series of accented or of unaccented syllables, the effect would be far from pleasing, and we find that in order to produce a pleasing effect, accented syllables must recur with a certain degree of regularity. Where there is a fairly regular recurrence of accents, as in certain heightened forms of prose, we say that our language possesses *rhythm*. Where the accents recur with perfect regularity, as in most forms of poetry, we speak of the *metre* of the verse.

Kinds of Feet. In metrical language, each group of syllables containing an accented syllable is known as a *foot*: and there are different varieties of metrical feet according to the number of syllables and their arrangement in the group. For example, if we let *a* stand for an accented syllable and *b* for an unaccented syllable, we have the following common groups *ab*, *ba*, *abb*, *bab*, *bba*. These different kinds of feet are usually distinguished by technical names, which we have adopted from the Latin and Greek. The group *ab* is called a *trochee*; *ba*, an *iamb*; *abb*, a *dactyl*; *aba*, an *amphibrach*; and *bba* an *anapaest*. The kind of foot most commonly used in English poetry is the *iambic*, but we very frequently find lines which contain both iambs and anapaests.

Scansion. When we divide a line of poetry into separate feet and mark the accents, we are said to *scan* the line. One of the first things that we shall notice in the scansion of any passage of poetry is that all the accented syllables have not an equal stress, and that occasionally both syllables in an iambic foot are stressed. In this latter case we have what is known as the "hovering" accent. Examine, for illustration, the following passage:

More things | are wrought | by prayer
 Than this | *world dreams* | of. Where | fore let | thy voice
 Rise like | a foun | tain for | me night | and day.
 For what | are men | better | than sheep | or goats
 That nour | ish a | *blind life* | within | the brain,
 If, know | ing God, | they lift | not hands | of prayer
 Both for | themselves | and those | who call | them friend.

In the italicized expressions in these lines there are three examples of hovering accent. and in the case of *for* in line 3, and *a* in line 5, we have examples of syllables on which the stress is very weak.

Sometimes also in scanning an iambic line we find that one of the feet, generally at the beginning of the line, is trochaic. For example, in the foregoing passage, *Rise like*, in line 3, *better*, in line 4, and *Both for*, in line 5, are trochaic. As a matter of fact, an irregularity of this sort generally serves a good purpose in preventing monotony; and since the trochaic foot stands out conspicuously, it is sometimes used as a means of giving special emphasis to certain words.

Sometimes certain lines of poetry present special difficulties in scansion either because one or more syllables are lacking or because they contain extra syllables. Consider for example the following lines:

Behold | this fruit | whose gleam | ing rind | engraven
 'For the | most fair,' | would seem | to award | it thine,
 As love | *lier than* | whatever | er O | *read haunt*
 The knolls | of I | da, love | *liest in* | all grace
 Of move | ment and | the charm | of mar | ried brows.

In the first line we have an example of an extra syllable coming at the end of the line. In the second line, the expression *to award*, which forms a single foot, contains three syllables. In reading there is a tendency to elide the first syllable of this foot and to pronounce *to award* as *t'award*. In some cases the poet in writing a line marks the elision with an apostrophe. In the remaining lines each of the italicized feet contains three syllables. In all these cases there is a tendency to pronounce the unaccented syllables rapidly, or, in other words, to *slur* them in reading.

Rhymes. When two accented syllables have the same vowel sound, but different initial consonants, they are said to **rhyme**. Rhymes generally occur at the ends of lines, but in some poems initial and middle rhymes are also used. Very frequently the accented rhyming syllables are followed by unaccented syllables, as, for instance, in *travel*, *gravel*, *covers*, *lovers*. These rhymes are known as **double** or **feminine rhymes**.

The chief purpose of rhyme is to give pleasure to the reader, but at the same time it serves another very useful purpose in helping to bind together the lines in which it occurs. In certain verse forms this effect is very marked, as, for example, in a sonnet or in a stanza from *In Memoriam*.

Unrhymed poetry is called **blank verse**. Blank verse is capable of higher artistic effects than rhymed verse and is generally used for more lofty and dignified themes.

Pauses. The poetic character of a passage depends to a large extent upon the arrangement of the pauses in the line. The two points at which pauses are most common are the end of the line, and the middle, or near the middle, of the line. The pause at the end of a line is known as an **end pause**, and the pause in the middle of a line is known as the **cæsure** (Lat. *cædo*, I cut). The position of the pauses is, however, frequently varied, according to the effect which the writer wishes to produce.

Length of Lines. The number of feet in a line of poetry varies commonly from three to six. A line of three feet is said to be a **trimeter** line; four feet, a **tetrameter**; five feet, a **pentameter**; and six feet, a **hexameter**. The tetrameter and the pentameter are the ones most commonly used in English verse.

Stanza Forms. When lines are rhymed they are generally combined into different groups according to the thought and the rhyme-scheme. The simplest combination is the **couplet**, which consists of two rhyming lines. When the couplet is composed of iambic pentameter lines it is known as the **heroic couplet**, because this form of verse was formerly much used in poems dealing with heroic deeds.

A combination of four rhyming lines is known as a **quatrain**. When the quatrain consists of two iambic tetrameter lines, alternating with two iambic trimeter lines, it is known as the **ballad measure**, because most of the old ballads were written in this form.

Various forms of stanzas exist, consisting of five, six or seven lines, but these stanza forms have no distinctive name. A stanza consisting of nine lines, of which the first eight are iambic pentameter and the ninth iambic hexameter, is known as a **Spenserian stanza**, because this was the stanza form used by Spenser in his long poem *The Faerie Queene*.

The Sonnet. The sonnet is a poem of fourteen iambic pentameter lines, constructed according to a definite scheme, and containing the development of a single main thought. The form of sonnet most commonly employed is known as the **Petrarchan sonnet**, because it was first used by the Italian poet Petrarch. It is divided into two parts, called the **octave**

and the *sestette*. The octave comprises the first eight lines and generally contains only two rhymes, which are arranged as follows: *a b b a a b b a*. The *sestette* comprises the last six lines, with no fixed rhyme-scheme. The octave contains whatever information is necessary in introducing the subject. The main thought of the sonnet is generally stated in the first three lines of the *sestette*, while the last three lines generally contain the comment or reflections of the poet, arising out of the main thought.

The **Shakesperian sonnet**, so named because Shakespeare was the first to use it, differs from the Petrarchan; both in its divisions and in its rhyme-scheme. The first twelve lines constitute the introduction, and the main thought is expressed in the last two lines. The Petrarchan sonnet is sometimes compared to a wave, which rises, breaks, and falls away, while the Shakesperian sonnet is compared to the swing of a hammer followed by a single stroke, or to a pair of gymbals. "When they have clashed, everything seems to have been said."

Kinds of Poetry; Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic. On the side of subject matter, poetry is generally classified as Epic, Lyric and Dramatic. Strictly speaking, the **Epic** is the narration of a story in which the incidents and events are viewed, as it were, from the outside, and into which the feelings and opinions of the poet himself do not directly enter. Under the general heading of Epic poetry it is customary, however, to classify all those forms of poetry which are impersonal in character, including poetry which is purely descriptive or reflective. The best known form of epic poetry is probably **The Great Epic**, which includes such poems as *The Iliad*, *The Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*. These poems treat at great length, of themes which are of universal human interest. Among the minor forms of Epic poetry, the most common is the **ballad**. The ballad contains a story of adventure, usually relating to love or war; and since it was formerly sung by the minstrel, it is generally simple, and even rude, in language and form. The **Idyll** usually contains a picture of life in pastoral or primitive conditions. It is a highly elaborated form of verse, in which attention is given to richness of colouring and fineness of detail.

The **Lyric** includes those forms of poetry which give expression to the personal feelings of the poet; and lyric poetry, as the name implies, is capable of being set to music, and sung. Under the lyric are included both the **sonnet** and the **ode**.

The **Drama**, like the epic, contains the development of a story, but in the case of the drama the story is developed from within, through the speeches and actions of the characters themselves. In the drama, moreover, the story takes the form of **plot**. In other words, the story is so planned that the early

part of the play presents a complication of difficulties, which reach their climax near the centre, and are unravelled in the latter half of the play. This interest in plot usually involves a corresponding appeal to the sympathies of the reader, or of the audience, as the case may be; and at the same time the development of character furnishes another source of interest in the play. These characteristics of the drama were summed up nearly three centuries ago by Milton, in the statement that the drama possesses three sources of interest,—“interest of character, plot, and passion.”

The two main types of drama are tragedy and comedy. We apply the name tragedy to those dramas in which the individual comes into conflict with certain forces in nature or in society, which, owing perhaps to some defect in himself, he is unable to overcome. In the case of comedy, on the other hand, the individual succeeds in overcoming the difficulties which present themselves, and the story ends happily.

SIGHT PASSAGES

The following passages are taken from papers set for Departmental and Matriculation Examinations.

1. O Rose, who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft nor sweet,
But pale and hard and dry as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer, *thy tithes shame thee.*

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now, *unsweetened would forego thee.*

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, *grow incarnadined because*
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that 'lit upon thee
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along thy leaf's pure edges after heat,—
If 'lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! the heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, *doth judge thee most complete,*
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold
Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold:—
Lie still upon this heart which breaks below thee!

- (a) Give this poem a suitable title.
- (b) What are the three main divisions of the poem and what is the leading thought of each?
- (c) Show the relation in meaning between the first three lines of stanza 2 and the last line of the same stanza. In which other stanzas is there a similar relation in meaning?
- (d) How is stanza 7 related to the preceding stanzas?
- (e) Account for the speaker's attitude toward the rose.
- (f) Explain the italicized parts.

1.

SHAKESPEARE.

Others *abide our question*. Thou art *free*.
 We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still.
 Out-copping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the *cloudy border of his base*
 To the *foiled searching of mortality*;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-secure,
 Didst walk on earth *unguess'd at*. Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness that impairs, all *griefs that bow*,
 Find *their sole voice* in that *victorious brow*.

Explain the italicized parts.

3.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
 Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
 Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

- (a) What complaint does the speaker make?
- (b) In what respects is "thy love" (l. 1), likened to a plant?
- (c) Explain the force of "treacherous" (l. 2).
- (d) "what was once so fair" (l. 3)—What is meant?
- (e) (l. 4)—By whom? To whom? For what purpose?
- (f) "Yet" (l. 5)—In spite of what?
- (g) "vigilant" (l. 5)—In what way?
- (h) "least generous wish" (l. 7)—Express in other words. What is the wish?
- (j) (ll. 12-13)—What words in these lines emphasize the idea of desolation?
- (i) (l. 14)—Does it make any difference to the speaker what answer is made? Explain fully.
- (k) Express in your own words the thought and feeling of the sonnet as a whole.

4. Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armed hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
 Men start not at the battle-cry,—
 O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year;
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot;
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear,
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

- (a) Suggest a suitable title for this poem.
- (b) Compare the two battles in respect to:—
 - (i) the cause of strife;
 - (ii) the continuance of strife;
 - (iii) the weapons used;
 - (iv) the outcome.
- (c) What is the poet's purpose in contrasting the two battles?
- (d) Explain concisely the meaning of:—"friendless" (l. 21), "chosen" (l. 26), "the sage may frown" (l. 28), "surely" (l. 29), "trust" (l. 39).
- (e) Which stanza best expresses the chief truth of the poem?

5.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
 Now *heaven repairs thy rural seat*
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
 Thy certain voice we hear:
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delighted visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the woods,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And *imitates thy lay*.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest *thy vocal valse*,
An annual guest to other lands
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear:
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

(a) Indicate the two main divisions of the poem, and give the leading thought of each.

(b) Show the relationship in thought between the first two and the last two lines of the second stanza.

(c) State briefly the reasons for the poet's pleasure at the coming of the cuckoo.

(d) Explain the italicized expressions.

6. There came a youth upon this earth
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine.

And so well-pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-asleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths were rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwillingly, in truth
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone
 And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

- (a) Give a suitable title for the poem.
- (b) Group the stanzas of the poem and give the main thought in each group.

(c) What reasons are given in the poem showing why this person was not held in more esteem in his own time?

(d) Describe this youth's music and poetry.

(e) Explain the italicized expressions.

7. The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

I fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's *gleaming wall*
Rise from the groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by *park and spire*,
Beneath *centennial trees*,
Through fields with *poppies all on fire*,
And gleams of *distant seas*.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While *journeying with another's feet*
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading those poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each *changing zone*,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

- (a) Give the central thought of the foregoing poem.
- (b) Show that the first stanza is a suitable introduction.
- (c) Group the inner stanzas of this poem according to the divisions of thought into which the poem naturally falls, and state the main thought in each of these groups.
- (d) Explain the italicized expressions.

8. Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.
 Our ministering two angels look surprise
 On one another, as they strike athwart
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,
 With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
 Than tears even can make mine, to ply thy part
 Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
 With looking from the lattice lights at me,
 A poor, tired, wandering singer,—singing through
 The dark and *leaning up a cypress tree?*
 The chrisom is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
 And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,
 Most gracious singer of high poems! where
 The dancers will break footing, from the care
 Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more;
 And dost thou lift this house's latch, too poor
 For hand of thine? And canst thou think and bear
 To let thy music drop here unaware
 In folds of golden fulness at my door?
 Look up and see the casement broken in,
 The bat and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
 Hush! Call no echo up in further proof
 Of desolation! There's a voice within
 That weeps—as thou must sing—alone, aloof.

- (a) The foregoing passage consists of two sonnets addressed by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to her husband, Robert Browning. State in simple prose the thought here expressed in figurative language.
- (b) In each sonnet point out and explain the figure of speech in which the speaker's feeling is embodied.
- (c) Explain the significance of the italicized expressions.
- (d) Indicate any irregularities in scansion, in the first sonnet.

9. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratiitudes.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 As fast they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, *like a rusty mail*
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow
 Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in the first rank,
 Lie there for pavement *to the abject rear,*
 O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That *slightly shakes* his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretched, *as he would fly,*
 Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *Let not virtue seek*
Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, *are subjects all*
To envious and calumniating time.

- (a) What does the speaker urge "my lord" to do?
 (b) What arguments are urged for such action?
 (c) Explain the italicized expressions.

10. "And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
 For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 Wordsworth has gone from us, and ye,
 Ah! may ye feel his voice as we!
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen—on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round;
 He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.

He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth,
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again."

(a) Explain what the author had in mind when he used the expressions: "pale ghosts" (l. 1); "the mournful gloom" (l. 6); "a wintry clime" (l. 9); "its benumbing round" (l. 13). Who was Orpheus? Give the meaning of "erst" (l. 4).

(b) State in your own words what the author of this extract considers to have been the chief virtues of Wordsworth's poetry.

11. Oh may I join the choir invisible
 Of those *immortal dead who live again*
In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims *that end with self*,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce *the night* like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

* * * * *

That better self shall live till human time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
 Unread forever.

* This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

(a) State briefly in your own words the wish expressed in this poem.

(b) Explain the italicized portions.

12. Express in your words the thoughts contained in each of the following sonnets:

(a) HOME: IN WAR-TIME.

She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
 More fair and frail than it was wont to be;
 O'er each remember'd thing he loved to see
 She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
 Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
 New notes into the sun; and as a bee
 Sings through a brake of bells, so murmured she,
 And so her patient love did understand
 The reliquary room. Upon the sill
 She fed his favourite bird. "Ah, Robin, sing!
 He loves thee." Then she touches a sweet string
 Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
 Smiles all her soul—

for him who cannot hear
 The raven croaking at his carrion ear.

(b) "WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
 MEN'S EYES."

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate;
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friend's possess.
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



QUESTIONS FROM DEPARTMENTAL AND MATRICULATION PAPERS

1. (a) Describe in suitable language, Herè, Pallas, and Aphroditè, as they appear to Paris in *Œnone*.

(b) What inducements does each of these goddesses offer to Paris to obtain the prize?

(c) Describe the circumstances under which the prize was offered.

2. (a) Describe Peele Castle as Wordsworth first saw it; also Beaumont's picture of the castle.

(b) What two types of human life are symbolized in the poem?

(c) What circumstance in Wordsworth's life is referred to in the poem as accounting for the change in his sentiments?

3. (a) Describe in appreciative language the "vale in Ida" where *Œnone* laments her desertion by Paris.

(b) Give the arguments by which Sir Bedivere persuades himself not to cast away Excalibur when he was commanded a second time.

(c) In the *Morte d'Arthur*, quote one or two short passages that will illustrate how Tennyson has adapted the movement of the verse to the thought of the passage.

4. Describe Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle, so as to make clear how it harmonized with Wordsworth's conception of life.

5. (a) Compare the view of life of the Parson in *The Epic* with that of Bedivere in *Morte d'Arthur*. Support your answers by quotations from, or references to, these poems.

(b) What answer does Tennyson make to the complaint of the women and those like them in the world? Support as above, from the poems.

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